
*A Pastoral Copy presented to His MAJESTY
at CAMBRIDGE, by a Nobleman of that
UNIVERSITY.*

HAIL, mighty PAN! what Present shall we pay
To your Auspicious Deity to day?
We are the meanest of your rustick Swains;
And have no other Palace but our Plains.
Untaught in Courtly Galantry we come

To give the entertainment of our home.

Part of the poor increase our fortunes have,

And that besides, your kind indulgence gave.

Those bashful Nymphs, our Muses, blush to see,

A Train so gay attend your Deity.

Whilst they clad in their home-spun stuff scarce dare

Look on the great procession, though from far.

With what a trembling reverence their hands

Cull all the choicest flow'rs that grace the Lands,

To bind your brows with such an Ornament,

As all their Artless consults cou'd invent!

'Tis you, Great Sir, that gives us peaceful days.

One smile from you revives our dying Bays:

For when th'appearing Bustles of the State

Seem'd to disturb our Studies, as of late,

Under the spreading umbrage of your Oak

We sat securely from the Thunder-stroak.

But now the pow'rful glory of your Crown

Has forc't the fond aspiring Vapours down;

Has banish't all the thickning mists afar,

And once again has clear'd the troubl'd Air.

Now in the kinder Sun-shine of your Reign,

We'll bask our selves, and feel new life again.

We'll dedicate Solemnities to you,

And all our ancient harmless sports renew.

Upon the banks of aged *Cam* we'll sit,

Whilst some kind covert, shades us from the heat.

There on our Reeds we'll pipe unto the Groves,

And make the watry Nymphs forget their Loves.

The Current shall with gentle murmurs run,

And pleas'd at its calm, smile on the Sun.

The gentle Gales shall in soft Breezes sing,

Amongst the listning Trees, God blefs the King.